

Fancies Favourite, OR, The Mirror of the Times.

Being a young Ladies commendation of a young Gallant, which hath a long time
Shew'd her much love, which by his civill carriage, and long patience in waiting
on her, at last Conquered her, who was once Resolved to lead a single life, and
therefore he termed her the Phoenix of the Times.

To the Tune of, Fancies Phoenix.



Come, come, since you have made this
Offer to me, I will take it,
As of a young man I have heard,
Who in his youth I have well known:
As a City I have heard of,
I have heard that his name is out.
He hath been constant long to me,
The mirror of the times is he.

I will confide I once will make
A single life to live and die,
But such rare parts in him I find,
His civil heart I can't deny.
But am resolv'd to let him live,
And grant him love and liberty:
So civil he hath been to me, &c.

I once do think I never should,
Be much as he is to be seen,
For he I know he ever will,
With patience to have comfort me,
His civill heart I do see,
There are no light in's company,
That all may say that doth him see, &c.

Who you are for that glorious hour,
That others in the morning light,
Who has spoken all other far,
By ending forth his sparkling light,
So all both try as much by his,
That are his help his company,
His carriage doth such justice show,
He is admired where ere he go.

Who hath all is yet to be seen,
And shows it with a gallant grace,
All supping blades he seems to know,
Yet shows he to be his face
We'll take up his long and quarrels to do
But stick to his friends in time of need.
He's civil, yet he'll marry be, &c.

If any where you should him see,
In such a company,
So honest looks comes from his eye,
At any time as you are there,
We'll court, we'll love, we'll sing as play,
But it shall be in a modest way,
For Men or Womens company, &c.

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Shew'd her much love, which by his civil carriage, and long patience in waiting
on her, at last Conquered her, who was once Resolved to lead a single life, and
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Come, come, since you have made this
Offer to me I will make,
As of a young man I have heard,
Who in his youth I have well known:
As a City fly search about,
I have found him in his hole out.
He hath been constant long to me,
The mirror of the times is he.

I will confute I once was wont
A single life to live and so,
But such was part in him I saw,
His civil heart I can't deny.
But am resolv'd to let him be,
And grant him love and liberty:
So civil he hath been to me, &c.

I once did think I never should,
Be much as he is to be so,
But now I know he is so good,
With patience he hath conquer'd me,
His civility I do see,
There is no doubt in's company,
That all may say that doth him see, &c.

Who you are for that glorious hour,
That others in the morning light,
Doth see you in all other day,
By ending forth his sparkling light,
Do all both try as much by day,
That are his help his company,
His carriage doth such justice show,
He is admired where ere he go.

Who hath all is yet to be seen,
And shows it with a gallant grace,
All praising him he seems to know,
Yet shows he is to give his love
We'll take up his young one's quarrels to do
But stick to his friends in time of need.
He's civil, yet he'll marry be, &c.

Where you should him see,
In such a company,
So much he is to be seen,
At any time as you are there,
We'll court, we'll love, we'll play,
But it shall be in a modest way,
For Men or Women company, &c.



But say my Pen both run to fall,
In setting forth his gallantrie,
For fear I lose him at the last
then cause you'l hate to laugh to me
When some to hear of him they may
Persuade his love from me away.
But if they gain his love from mee
None constant then I think there bee,

But his name I hate not tell,
nor will not get, you may be sure,
Till of him I can get better hold
there's no one here shall it procure.
You Poets all that hear my Song
I would not have you for him long.
But if you be perswaded bee,
You may finde some as good as hee,

A Phoenix he hath termed me,
because I thought to live alone,
But if that such a Bird there be,
Out of his Clime sure he's flown
Our Land is cold, and therefore I
Refuse no Phoenix for to be.
But though I don't this Phoenix prove,
Yet I will be his Turtle-Dove.

There's many a maiden that doth say,
a single life is best at last,
How oft I pray will you say nay.
If once a Young-man doth you please,
I must confesse sometimes you'l prove
What cop to him you must to love.
What by experience I finde true,
Pray blame not me to tell it you.



Let me advise you Poets all,
not to be coy, nor proud at all,
For those I count themselves most rare
most times both get I greatest fall
And sometime for a scornful Quill,
but at last they be betrayed,
Be courteous, yet be virtuous still,
And let not young-men have their will

Choose not a husband for estate,
unless you fancy him his mate,
You may repent when 'tis too late,
'tis by a little time you are to late.
So Ranters take if you be true,
nor yet none of the new fiddle,
The one will rant and spend thy means
the other closely may love quene.

But note my Song grows to at end,
I must be gone my love doth send,
Last night I did with him fare
to meet me at a place to day,
Where he intends to be a guest,
in what Church wee will Quarrel be;
Then Phoenix like wee'l live and dye
in the pure flames of Chastity.

One Note, one Faith too we require,
therefore wee and mine will here,
Our love is great so I confesse,
wee will be true and grave,
So his words I will receive,
his others shall be joyed with mine;
So Phoenix like wee mean to live,
and Turtle like wee'l live and dye.